

# Wrong One (feat. Wordsworth)

## Marco Polo

"Don't get me wrong"  
"Yo, don't get me wrong"  
"After this you're good as gone" What up? I ain't got no pity for y'all  
No mercy, misery was spitting these bars  
If you caught a jaw for being as stupid as you lyrically are  
Most of the crime in the city be solved  
Busy I get it, street smart, gritty and witty  
EMC click, hit every city as if  
The bigger I get, not physically but mentally fit  
My ego gotta be shipped just to go on trips  
I'm easily likable once you see what I can do  
Talk about me like Jesus in Bible school  
You trash, your LP and EPs recyclable  
You albums should be burnt to a CD-Rewritable  
Why would you think of approaching Words  
I know you heard, seen in stores, so control the urge  
In my own lane causing other roads to merge  
Hear the [?], clear the way when the chauffer turns  
I'm ready at all times (all times)  
So if you want yours come and get mine  
All y'all get in line  
No fear over here, I'm aware of you  
I'm not scared of you, nah  
I'm prepared for you  
From the streets to the stage  
You picked the wrong one  
Tryna get you a name  
You picked the wrong one  
Must have made a mistake  
You picked the wrong one  
You had the right idea  
But you picked the wrong one  
I go on tour and my whole squad comes  
We go places so far we send postcards from  
This is just my beginning so I know y'all done  
I'mma flood the whole scene till the Coast Guard come  
Don't y'all run, trying to escape is pointless  
My boys is everywhere that light and noise is  
So come out the dark from hiding

I see you, my psychic count carats, that mark a diamond  
I'm climbing the charts, you slidin'  
My promo van scares y'all like the narc's inside it  
Brain ain't strong without a heart providin'  
Your boats inside of where sharks residing  
Don't seem sensible, ain't got a hint or clue  
Since you intentionally dispensed what I meant to do  
Interviews askin' who do I listen to  
No one but me, who you came to see Don't get me wrong, my history is centuries long  
So don't try to off me just to get you on  
No sign up or filling out an entry form  
What you envy will wind up eventually pawned  
Smooth jazz, paycheck, rip it's gone  
Whatever asphalt, grass, or cement we on  
At any event performed  
Done before the fans even walked through the door  
To have their tickets torn  
You picked the wrong one, wrong time, wrong person  
Wrong window, wrong door, wrong curtain  
Flip how I spit every song, no cursin'  
DJs think they're playing the wrong version  
So get it correct, 'cause it the wrong tree you're barking up  
Turn that tree into your coffin like a carpenter  
Keep your mouth shut, voice preserve  
When I talk it's never the wrong choice of words  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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